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MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

We hardly think that Miss Emma Hardinge does herself full justice. Unlike her sex and her adopted country, she is hiding her candle under a bushel. She is more than she avows herself; or rather, in one phase of her many-colored life, she has been, or is, more than she represented on Saturday last at St. James' Hall. For a Pythoness to come out only as "an Oratress" is a wrong to herself—to say nothing of the insult to the English language as well as a delusion to her hearers. Fluent gabble is one thing; inspired utterances are another. Of course it is possible that Miss Hardinge may have a double personality, but she ought to avow this. Criticism would be thrown away on a mere instrument and organ of inspiration; and if anybody—man, woman, or "oratress"—claims to be divinely prompted in all his, her, or its utterances, it is only for the outer world submissively and reverentially to listen. At St. James' Hall Miss Hardinge only delivered a lecture on America, and she merely described herself as a well-known stump speaker, who had "delivered thirty-two orations in thirty-eight days in favor of the re-election of the late President Lincoln." We have here an importation of Yankee notions which has a certain amount of interest, like the woolly horse, or Generral Washington's nurse. An exotic is always a curiosity; we are not in the habit of meeting with "oratresses," and stumping a State is a political experience new to us. But the interest in this sort of thing is limited. As Dr. Johnson said of a female fiddler, so we feel about an "oratress;" the wonder is, not how she does it, but that she does it at all. But when we come to know a little more about Miss Emma Hardinge, a very much higher interest connects itself with her public appearance; and we only regret, for her own sake, that she did not announce to the public the full grandeur of her mission, and all that she is. The cautious *brochure* which she circulates as her advertisement, only speaks of her political campaign in favor of the Unionists, especially in California. In this pamphlet she details her sensations and motives and sacrifices; she merely describes herself as consumed with zeal for the North. But all this is a very ordinary and commonplace affair. She is only an "extemporaneous speaker" who has been, according to her own account, very successful with mass and monster meetings. In this there is nothing more than what we have in Mr. Bright, or the paid temperance orators of our own country. But Miss Hardinge is really something much more, if she would but own it. She has gifts which it would be profane to criticise; her utterances are from the unseen world; her voice is the voice of intelligences before which we have only to bow, and which it is ours at once reverently and silently to accept. Over and above her political aspect, she is the chosen depositary of the secrets of the unseen world; and rightly to understand her prophecies, we have only to hear what she is according to the *Spiritual Magazine*—which we observe she does not quote, and does not appeal to, at St. James' Hall. We find, from this funny journal, that Miss Hardinge is, according to the authority of an apostle in spiritualism, "one of the most powerfully-gifted speakers who have as yet appeared as exponents of the spiritual philosophy. She speaks in what may be termed a semi-trance state, and she says she is guided and influenced in her speaking by spirits whom she recognizes. She speaks without preparation." This is what we are told, upon what in this case is the best authority; and we are further assured that the hearers of her inspired utterances "were almost as much entranced by her power as she herself was by the spirit which spoke through her." If all this is true, and if Miss Hardinge accepts this authoritative account of her mission and her inspiration, she is at once taken out of the category of oratresses.

But perhaps this is only the partial and over-favorable estimate of her friends. It may be that she does not claim the superhuman dignity which the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE thrusts upon her. Let us therefore hear herself. Miss Hardinge, it appears, was an actress in England, and ten years ago she went to New York to fulfil an engagement at the Broadway Theatre. This engagement was not a success, and, according to her own printed account, she accidentally discovered, in a spirit circle, that she was a medium. Her friends pronounced her to be "a fine clairvoyant and clairaudiant subject, and offered to take her to a few celebrated public mediums, where she would be 'developed right away.'" And right away she was developed. "The touch of Mrs. Kellogg's hand appeared like a magician's hand, illuminating the latent fires of magnetic power, which, once enkindled, ever after burned in the steady light of mediumistic gifts." These are her own words. We all rember that certain pleasant violence was always necessary to compel the Pythoness of old to seat herself on the sacred tripod. This peculiarity of the spirit world survives. Miss Hardinge felt at first a modest reserve to let the world know how really great she was—a reluctance which it seems still clings to her. But if Miss Hardinge declines to be true to herself, she ought to be true to her inspiration and "the sperrits." Queer people these sperrits are, and they have a queer way of going on. But for us it is only to record what they do and say; far be it from the profane to question their method of revelation. Mr. Philip Smith, a dead man, manifests his presence to Miss Hardinge in a remarkably unpleasant way:—"I distinctly felt an icy cold hand laid on my arm. . . . . SOMETHING pulled my hair; all the while the coldness of the air increasing painfully. My convulsed hand was moved tremblingly—'My dear Emma, I am come to tell you I am dead. The ship Pacific is lost, and all on board have perished.'" Very unpleasant to be a medium, and iced like a bottle of wine, although the inconvenience may be counterbalanced by possessing "the faculty of seeing spirits, hearing voices of invisible speakers uttering spontaneous prophecies, and beholding visions produced in the air." At length Miss Hardinge and the spirits came to an understanding. She was invited to Troy, to lecture, by the association of Spiritual Philosophy. Without a thorough perception of what she was doing, Miss Hardinge consented; and, not unnaturally, she set about preparing a lecture But this would never do. After she had got up her talk, "one of my familiar spirits, addressing me as usual in a form of analytical cross examination," asks in unpardonable familiar terms: "What is Emma covering so much white paper with black scratches for?" "I am writing the lecture you want me to make for you." "For whom, Emma?" "For Spirits," I answered sulkily. "Spirits will not let Emma read lectures; she will speak, not read, for Spirits." "I cannot speak; I must read." "We shall take away your eyesight." Emma then tries another dodge. "I would study my lecture." But the voice demanded, "Why does Emma wear out her shoes in traversing this apartment?" "I am trying to study this stuff." "We shall take away your memory." And the spirits were as good as their word. Miss Hardinge went on to the platform; a thick mist swam before her; she was only conscious of unconsciousness. While plunged in dreamy ecstasy she "found herself getting off a calm and composed lecture, and between dreaming and counting, and now and then listening to herself, and wondering what she was going to say next, and then forgetting to attend to it, she got through an hour of one

of the best lectures that had ever been deliv ered on that platform . . . and from that hour to the present, during eight years of incessant labor, averaging about five lectures a week, the same kind of control, with slight variations, has possessed me, dispelling all fear, and carrying me on in the love and tender care of my all-sufficient, powerful, and wise masters, without one single occasion on which the carping critic or my own excessive sensitiveness could write the sound of failure." Far be it from us to perform the extraordinary feat of writing a sound of criticism, or of writing any other sound; equally far be it from us to question the inspired speaker's excessive sensitiveness. But here is quietly announced, as though it were quite a matter of course, that Miss Hardinge has already delivered, or been delivered of, more than 2,080 lectures. And this leads us up to what we own is our difficulty.

"Such," Miss Hardinge concludes, "is a very faint and imperfect sketch of my career." She declares that "she has never failed to receive words of warning, encouragement, sure prophecy, and wise counsel from the faithful and beloved masters whom it has been her joy and fortune to serve." What, then, we have to inquire is whether the oration at which we had the privilege to assist on Saturday was among those words of sure prophecy dictated to Miss Hardinge by her faithful and beloved masters? If not, why not? and if it were, why she did not say so? If she has a double function; if, when merely spreadeagling, she speaks on her own hook, but when engaged with philosophy, metaphysics, the standard of truth, the mysteries relating to the connection of brain with matter, the magnetic force, and such little matters as Christianity, the Miracles, Inspiration, and the great Cause of Causes (all these mere trifles being the subjects of her addresses), she speaks entirely under inspiration; then we ask how she distinguishes her sacred and profane utterances. In other words, we want to know whether she is always sure that she is herself, or whether she is always conscious that she has any self. What, in fact, are her tests as applied to her own consciousness?

For ourselves, we are completely puzzled. The oration of Saturday might be dictated by the spirits, or it might be only the gifted oratress' own gabble. No doubt it was, as the New York TIMES expresses it, characterized by "a rhetorical finish, a perfection of logic, and a keen analytical perspicuity," according to the Transatlantic sense or nonsense of these terms; but then it might be either mundane or supermundane. It was buncum enough for either. Like her great predecessor, Miss Codgers, being out of her depth and unable to swim, she splashed up words in all directions, and floundered about famously. There was just that bloated and flabby mock eloquence in Miss Hardinge's "oration," that sonorous absence of all argument, that substitute of platitude for depth, that affectation of high and holy thought which would be so edifying were it in the slightest degree intelligible, that we would willingly attribute it to the spirits rather than to any rational creature. But, on the other hand, there was so much that smacked of material and mundane experiences, such old familiar tricks of a second-rate professional, such palpable familiarity with stage-business, and such unmistakable reminiscences of the 2,080 previous performances, that we are, on the whole, convinced that the spirits had little or nothing to do with it. And Miss Hardinge, to do her justice, does not say that they had. Or if the spirits were in the background, we are certain that one of them was named Elijah Pogram, and that we were at last in the sacred presence of Jefferson Brick, and the Bird-o'-Freedom hero of Mr. Biglow. As to the manner of the oratress, it is really worth a visit to St. James' Hall to witness the phenomenon. Two hours of it was, as they would say in America, a caution; but ten minutes of Miss Hardinge is a treat—of a sort. Such studied attitudinizing, such melodramatic starts and bounces, and solemn stalking about the stage; such a flux of talk—not a cataract, but a solid sustained, never-pausing rush of words; such a pleonasm of emphasis; such a ranting of statistics, and spouting a page of Custom House returns with the air and accent and deportment of Constance or Lindamira at the least; such impassioned appeals on behalf of the grandeur and magnificence of two hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars' worth of dry goods—all this was never before, in England at least, witnessed even on a platform. Miss Hardinge's "brilliant elocutionary abilities," as her New York admirers in their pepeculiar dialect phrase it, are certainly worth studying, and her ease and fluency are undoubtedly first-rate. As to her matter, why, there is not much to be said. A panegyric on America is by no means a novelty, even though it is announced that "it is God's America"—a mode of expression which leads up to speculations, which may possibly become profane, on the divine purposes and the mysterious designs of Providence. If, as Miss Hardinge repeatedly assured us, America has a divine mission, and is supernaturally directed to a fore-ordained purpose as an unconscious but paramount influence in the Almighty scheme, the thought suggests itself that in these latter days God selects very mysterious instruments indeed. *A priori*, we should hardly have thought that General Butler and Parson Brownlow and the New York HERALD and Mr. Seward's correspondence and miscegenation had anything very divine about them. But Miss Hardinge knows more about the counsels and will of Heaven than we claim to do. With our own confessedly limited knowledge on this head, all that Miss Hardinge had to say about the glories and splendors and successes and size and destiny of America, sounded pretty much as a clever, but rather tiresome set of variations on a very familiar *thema*:—

Boston is a fine town,
So is Philadelphy.

We had heard all this before, but never had to swallow so much of it at a single gulp.

We may perhaps solve the difficulty to which we have just adverted. Perhaps this oration was of a tesselated and mixed character. The human element in it was the statistics, Mr. Horace Greeley, and American progress. But the peroration must have been to use her own language, Inspirational. We should be sorry to attribute to anything so merely respectable as the human mind that grand and concluding burst of bombast in which, in the spirit, and on the Pilgrim's Rock, Miss Hardinge pictured the sun, or, as she called him, the Sun-God, marching in his strength and splendor from his first home in Central Asia, and writing with fiery finger on the luminous ether the solemn words, "Follow thou me"—which, being interpreted, means the Monroe doctrine, and that all nations of the earth are to listen to this great appeal of the solar system; while from from everything in general, and nothing in particular, swells up the solemn chorus of Universal Nature calling in sounds of thunder, and the whispered breeze, "Westward Ho!" across the broad Atlantic, through the Empire State, over the boundless prairie, up the eternal Rocky Mountains, till, at the Golden Gate of San Francisco, and in the purple depths of the Sacramento, the eternal diapason sinks to a universal hymn—of Yankee Doodle. In all this Miss Hardinge must have recognized the present God. Mere human nature is too low (or too high?) for such "elocutionary grandeur" as this. The only drawback from it is that it slightly suggests the celebrated Pogram defiance "which defied the world in general to compete with our country upon any hook; and develop'd our internal resources for making war upon the universal airth." And the political ecliptick which Miss Hardinge traced by way of tag, and which brought the Hall down, has certainly been anticipated in the rather well-worn "Child of Natur and Child of Freedom, whose boastful answer to the Despot and the Tyrant is that his bright home is in the Settin Sun." Anyhow, for ourselves we will humbly admit that on Saturday last we left St. James' Hall very much in the familiar attitude of the British Lion; "we put our tail between our legs, and howled with anguish," and we "guessed that we had now seen something of the eloquential aspect of the free hemisphere, and were chawed up pretty small."

MR. GAYLOR'S "CHILD STEALER."

[The following synopsis of Mr. Gayler's last drama, to be brought out on Monday next at Wood's Theatre in this city, is from one of the Philadelphia papers]

The prologue and five acts into which "The Child-Stealer" is broken up are as full of incidents as an egg is of meat. An enterprising and strong-bodied woman, named Madge the Cadger earns an honest and respectable living by the stealing and disposing of other people's children. She does this because she gets well paid for furnishing children at the shortest notice, and because she has a beautiful little daughter whom she dearly loves and wants to make rich. One evening a man with a mask, no other than Lord Lansdale asks her to procure a child for him, and promises two thousand guineas for the job. Madge the Cadger agrees to do it, and leaves the room apparently for no other reason than to allow her husband Jack Rookley who has been at sea, to enter. By some mysterious prestidigitation of the plot, Jack has in his arms, rolled up in green drugget, his baby, which is fifteen months old, and which, the audience has previously been informed, had been living away from its mother. Jack deposits the little Julia in the cradle, and goes off somewhere to get a drink Madge the Cadger re-enters, perceives the child wrapped up in the cradle, and imagines that it is the one that she has commissioned Richard

Craddock one of her pals, to kidnap for her. The man in the mask re-enters; he gives her the two thousand guineas (in notes). She hands him the child and counts the money. A cold shiver runs all over the audience. The people feel the first tremblings of the storm. Jack re-enters, and asks where their little daughter is? "What do you mean?" screams Madge the Cadger, looking as though she were going to have an epileptic fit. Jack explains. Madge the Cadger gives a series of chokes and clicks in the throat. "I've sold her! sold my daughter!" shrieks Madge the Cadger. Her husband immediately seizes the hatchet (how handy it is to have it in the house!) and can scarcely be restrained from hatcheting Madge the Cadger on the spot. He is restrained, however, and leans upon the bosom of one of his fellow-tars, and makes horrible faces during the rest of the act. Meanwhile a *posse* of policemen enter. Dick Craddock, who has been arrested, with them. Madge the Cadger, we regret to say, is found guilty of child-stealing, and sentenced to fifteen year's transportation. Thus ends the prologue.

Between it and the first act fifteen years are supposed to have passed. Madge the Cadger, *the Cadger* no longer, but simply a very miserable and contrite wretch, named Margaret Rookley, has returned. In a gin shop she meets with a feeble-minded and weak-eyed policeman, named Simon Niphem. The weak-eyed policeman tells her that her husband is dead, and that it is reported that Dick Craddock escaped from Botany Bay and died a couple of years ago. The weak-eyed policeman is very sympathizing, and cries a good deal, and, in short, is precisely like the policemen we see every day around us. In the midst of this interesting scene, a young lady, Maud Lansdale, is brought in with a rush, and in a fainting condition. It appears that her horse took alarm at something, but the young lady is more frightened than hurt, and is saved by the gallant Lester Young, who, as luck would have it, had just been taking a friendly drink of brandy with his friend Lee Gray. Whilst Maud is having her hands clapped and a bewildering amount of stimulants poured down her pretty throat, her father appears. He speaks. The eyes of the reformed Cadger are glued to him, "It is him—it is him!" exclaims the converted Cadger, and the curtain falls upon the second tableau of this very remarkable play.

In act second Madge has succeeded in obtaining, in Lord Lansdale's house, the situation of maid to Maud. Lord Lansdale don't like Madge. She looks at him too much, he says, and then he, of course, has a dim, vague recollection of having seen her some where before. So he snubs and browbeats her precisely in that lofty and majestic style which is the characteristic of the English nobleman and the perfect gentleman. Whilst Madge is carrying away the lunch a visitor is announced, and who should enter, amid a flash of applause like the thunder and lightening with which Mephistopheles is always made to enter, but Richard Craddock, with all the swagger of a bully, dressed like a gentleman! He tells Lord Lansdale that he wants to marry Maud, and perhaps it is only natural that Lord Lansdale should be a good deal surprised and a little indignant at this overture from an entire stranger. But Dick Craddock knows what he is about. The noble lord is no match for him.

Dick proceeds to inform his lordship that more than fifteen years ago, he (Dick) being fond of poaching, was in his lordship's park; that he saw a man that was exactly like his lordship bury a little box under a certain tree; that after the little box had been buried and his lordship had retired, he (Dick) dug up the little box again, satisfied himself as to what was in it, and reburied it; that the man who was so much like his lordship had subsequently obtained a stolen child from Madge, the Cadger; that that stolen child was little Maud; that she had been taken to replace a dead child of Lord Lansdale, in order to prevent the estates reverting to another branch of the family; and finally, that unless Maud was given in marriage to him (Dick), he (Dick) intended to peach, and have Lord Lansdale shown up. Lord Lansdale is a little put out by all this. Finally, he promises Dick Maud's hand on condition that Dick will keep dumb about the little skeleton affair in the buried box. Meanwhile Madge, who recognizes Dick, has overheard the conversation from behind a a sofa, and when Dick goes she comes forward and tells Lord Lansdale that she forbids the banns, because she is Maud's own mother, and Dick is a returned convict. At this pitch the enthusiasm of the audience is frantic. Lord Lansdale goes out. Maud, who has just had a quarrel with her lover, Lester Young, is fainting on the sofa. "I've stolen other people's children; suppose I steal my own!" exclaims Madge the Cadger, and catches up Maud, throws her over her right shoulder, and stalks out R. U. E., amid a maddening ovation of applause.

Act third introduces us to a garret whither Madge has conveyed her child, who takes very kindly to her new mother, and is delightfully dutiful. Madge goes out to try to get something to eat; a thief, Jemmy Jubbs, climbs in at the window, but struck with compassion for the sleeping Maud, he leaves some money on the table, and goes out even as he came. The feeble-minded and weak-eyed policeman, who bears the pleasing relation of uncle to Jemmy Jubbs, is about to arrest him, but changes his mind, and adds his mite to Jemmy's contribution, with the remark, "If a thief can do an act of charity, surely a policeman can."

Meanwhile Madge returns. The woman who rents her the garret, Molly O'Mayne hands her a letter, in which the anonymous writer requests a meeting with her in Cremorne Gardens. Madge borrows a dress and goes there; sees Lester Young, and mistakes him for the writer. Dick Craddock, who has found out her address, is the real writer, and, in order to accomplish his purpose of an interview, insults Lester who challenges him. A duel is appointed at St. Giles', and act the third ends with the arrest of the sainted Simon Niphem, who, policeman-like, wears a borrowed suit of clothes, which his nephew, Jemmy Jubb, has stolen.

In act fourth, Madge, to arrest the duel, repairs, in the disguise of a drunken woman, to St. Giles', and in this scene we have from Miss Western the most eccentric and able piece of acting in the entire play. The character assumed is hideous and repulsive, but the actress deserves infinite credit for the art with which she makes it so. In the hands of a woman who had little power as an actress it would be simply coarse and disgusting. We will grant that the majority of the audience are not accustomed to the spectacle of a drunken woman, but the acting of Miss Western in this little scene is so painfully natural as to produce the general feeling that a woman in that frightful condition and in that low level of life would behave in precisely that manner. We can hardly believe that her delineation of this portion is an original conception with Miss Western. If it is, we are willing to give her credit for far more originality than we have ever conceded before. The interest awakened by this assumption as of the strange and painful kind which is only occasionally created by the picturing of some eccentric horror, and the tone and gestures with which the health of Number Three is proposed, are some of the most striking illustrations of the power of the hideous in acting to awaken admiration. However, Madge does not succeed in frustrating the duel between Dick and Lester Young, who, getting the better of his antagonist, is slipped by him through a drap-door into the river. Meantime Lord Lansdale arrives, claims back Maud, who has been drugged and conveyed to this den by Dick, and whom the mother confesses *not* to be her child upon Dick's threatening to reveal to Maud the fact that Madge used to be a child-stealer.

In the fifth act, Madge is on her way to Lord Lansdale's house once more. In the middle of the Epping Forest, the coach breaks down, and she finds herself alone with Dick and his pals, who have disposed of the driver, and personated him and the passengers, for the sake of coming to terms with her. Dick asks her whether she will change her mind about telling Lord Lansdale of his past life. She says no; and then Dick stabs her in the neck. In the the last scene, as the marriage is about to take place between Dick and Maud, Lester Young, who somehow or other has escaped drowning, rushes in on one side, and Madge with her poor stabbed neck, stalks in on the other. Explanations are made all around. "Arrest that man, he killed me," says Madge. The weak-eyed policeman says one or two good things, and Dick Craddock is manacled and takes his leave *a la* Sir Francis Levison, the converted Cadger clasps her child to her bosom, all is forgotten, all is forgiven; and the purified spirit of the redeemed Cadger flows upward to the realms of eternal joy.

"Eugene Trastour's Rudiments of Music," is the title of a new and interesting book on music, which comes to us highly recommended by many musical celebrities of this country, and has already been very favorably noticed by the press. It is carefully and conscientiously written, and is remarkably methodical in the arrangement of its different subjects. Besides including a complete course of the rudiments of music, it has also several chapters on the "choice of a teacher," "choice of a pianoforte," course of instruction," etc., which we would especially point out as giving the work peculiar value. For class-teaching it has few superiors, and will prove a valuable acquisition to our private and public schools.

A HURRICANE AT SEA.

It is Christmas day. We are seventeen days out from New York bound to an Italian port. The sky is clear and bright, and the wind is favorable. Looking back into the week gone by, the recollection of the fearful dangers through which we passed makes me shudder again, and my pen almost refuses to record our dreadful experiences. Would that I could forget them all—but that, alas! is impossible. I can never blot out from my memory the remembrance of those frightful hours.

We sailed on a Friday, and although the intelligence of the present generation has done much to eradicate the old repugnance so prevalent amongst sea-faring men, to sailing upon that day, still there were some of us on board, including myself, who were not without misgivings.

But all went well until the eighteenth, when the heavens darkened, the sea rose with the increasing wind, and everything foretold an approaching gale.

The clouds break away for a moment, and a rainbow appears in the northwest shortly after sunrise. There is an old rhyme familiar to those who have been on the water, the first line of which runs in this wise—

"Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning,"

and although the reader may perhaps smile at this second evidence of my superstitious belief, still I freely confess that I could not look upon that sign in the heavens without a feeling akin to horror. The barometer, too, gave notice of the coming gale, and preparations were made to meet it. "Call all hands, Sir, and look sharp about it." In royals and topgallant sails, mainsail hauled up, spanker lowered, jibs and staysails hauled down, and all three upper topsails on the caps to reef. This is done, and they are set again. The gale increases in violence. We are running before it. "Haul up the foresail." A sheet is started, and with a report like that of a discharge of musketry, the sail is split from head to foot.

The clouds again lift for a moment, and the sun is seen sinking to rest, while the wind howls a dirge over it as it disappears beneath the angry waves.

The ship is now stripped to three lower topsails, and, with two men at her wheel, plunges madly forward through the seething waters. Thus through the black night. Morning breaks upon us, and the gale has increased to a *hurricane*.

Again in the northwest a rainbow. The foretopsail is blown away, and the mizzen topsail is furled, leaving the ship under a lower maintopsail only. The seas have risen to a fearful height, and the wind catches the spray from their tops, and drives it hissing over them, the full length of the ship. Sharp squalls, accompanied by hail and rain, are frequent. It is horrible to remain below, and still worse to go on deck. Our captain scarcely leaves it for an instant. Standing by the [illegible] he gives his orders, kindly an[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

The deadly arrow sticking in his feelings,
Unconscious what it is provokes his squealings
Now she escorts him through the busy town,
And promenades the sidewalks up and down,
Points out her palaces, and brown stone fronts,
And gently hints they are To Let at once,—
Drinks in his words with ever growing greed
And "wants to hear more of the wooden steed."
When all the guests have left and gone to bed,
And the pale moon is rolling overhead,
Meandering through the lonely banquet hall,
She tries his voice and features to recall,
Then seeds the child Ascanius in his couch,
'Cause he looks like his governor so much.

The public buildings go up very lazy,
The soldier boys don't drill, nor study Casey,
The ramparts and intrenchments are neglected,
And mighty little progress is effected.

Juno, meanwhile, perceiving how she acted —90
With Cupid's poison ravinandistracted,
Her sense of all propriety so dead
She didn't care a continental red—
She (Juno) went to Venus, and says she,
"What a condemn smart pair of gods you be!
You and your boy may deem it a big thing
To get this feeble woman on a string,
But I don't see it! though I *do* see this,—
You're down on my new built metropolis!
Now whither do your machinations tend,
Or when will these deplored contentions end?
You have accomplished all your heart's desire,—
Poor Dido loves him like a house afire;
Why not unite them in the hands of Hymen
So me and you can live two loving women?
Let's put the royal robes on both their backs,
And you and I go tutelary snacks."

Venus perceived that she was playing possum, —105
And with deceitful purpose, answered, "Yes'm.
Since you're disposed the handsome thing to do
I must not be at loggerheads with you,—
But Jupiter, you know, must have his say,
Or else there'll be the very juice to pay;
You are his wife—you pump him—I've no doubt
He'll be all right; you lead—I'll follow suit."

"This little chore I'll undertake, my dear,"
Said royal Juno, "now just look a here:
The Trojan prince and Dido ride away
To go a hunting, at the break of day,
To-morrow. While the hunters spread their toils,
I'll fill the sky with thunders and turmoils.

Scatter their retinue with hail and rain,
And into the same cavern lead the twain;
I'll be on hand, and if you don't back down.
I'll join 'em fast, and do the job up brown."

"Nuff ced." replied the diplomatic Venus;
"This trick shall be inviolate between us."

And now the morning sun ascends the sky; —129
The arm-ed hunters to the forests hie,
With nets, and toils, and such like preparation
And packs of purps that bark without ceaseation.
The Carthaginian peers expectant wait
For Dido's coming at her door yard gate
While she, arisen from unquiet slumber
Is putting on her gypsey suit up chomber.
Her prancing steed his foaming bit a chawing,
Impatient stands, with pride the fresh turf pawing.
At length she issues from her domicil,
With hoops, and fringe, and point lace dressed "tu kill."
Her goold watch peeping from her lovely waist,
Her waterfall got up in style and taste,
Her hat a sky-scraper from Demorest's,
Two bracelets full of dimunts on her wrists,
Her fragile corpus in a French mantiller,
Her handkerchief perfumeried with vaniller:
Æneas attends her, scrumptious as Apoller,
The Phrygian youths, and sweet Ascanius, foller.

And now the party seek the wooded hills, —115
And straightway dislocate the animiles.
Giraffes and chipmunks, from the mountain peak,
Gallop and tumble, like 1000 brick—
Lions and woodchucks clatter down the vales
With snorting snouts erect, and likewise tails:
Ascanius bravely guides his steed imperious,
And "wishes he could bag a rhinocerious."

But rumbling sounds a coming tempest told, —169
And quick, from cloud and crag, a deluge rolled.
Fire fought with darkness in the crackling sky,
Where Chaos hung his hellish tapestry,
While beasts and men dispersed in dire alarm
And sought to hide them from the wrathful storm.
The Trojan leader and the Tyrian queen
In the predestinated cave convene:

Then Earth the signal gives, with laboring cries,—
Great Juno speeds the nuptial mysteries,
The blushing lightnings tell the conscious sky,
And wood nymphs shriek from craggy summits high.
Oh, sad birth day of unnvailing woe!
Oh, cave! thou dark abode of mischief, oh!
Dido no longer acts clandéscently,
But openly, and quite indecently,
Calls him her husband, and in this way tries
To pull the wool o'er circumspectious eyes.

But Jupiter, the great, grand, high old Turk,
Woke up, and gaped, and looked and said, "what work!
Mercury, my son, put on your shappo, quick, —222
And drap on Carthage city, like a streak:
Æneas is there a hangin around Dido;
I want to know what he means by it, I do!
Tell him to pack up and be off for Italy,
Or if he don't, I'll larrup him most mightily."
So Hermes put his wing-ed india-rubbers on,
And ere you could articulate Jack Robbison,
He faced the Trojan, busy as a bee,
Repairing Dido's wash-tub,—and says he,
"Now drop that hammer like a hot potater,
And put your fleet to sea—that's what's the matter!
The Fates ordain that you get up a nation
Whose fame and power shall ring through all creation,
And Jove says if you don't obey this message
He'll knock you stiffern a bolony sassage.
Draw a bee line for Latium, and be spry!"
With that he vanished in the sky-blue sky.

A shiver ran through Æneases ossibus, —279
His speechless vox stuck in his chattering faucibus,
The hair stood endwise on his powdered wig
Like quills upon the fretful porcupig:
He wants to go and then again he doesn't;
"The situation" is indeed unpluzzent.
At length he calls his comrades—brave Serestus,
Achates, Porter, Farragut, Sergestus—
And they fit out their gun-boats on the sly
To run the sharp blockade of Dido's eye.

But Dido guessed the Trajan stratagem, —596
And like a fury thus belabored him;
"Oh you perfigeous villain! will you play
These heartless game all unbeknown to me?
Will not our love, will not my given hand,
Will Dido's tears not stay you in my land?
Will you attempt the wintry winds to brave,
And spread your sails upon the treacherous wave,
Where hungry sharks are rollicking and snarling.
Where Cappen Semmes will gobble up my darling?
By this great grief which now my bosom wrings,
By love, and truth, and vows, and all them things,
Proceed, I do adjure you, to relent,
For if you don't I certainly shall faint."

Says Æneas, "I am your most obedient, —331
But to stay here don't seem to be expedient:
Far may I wander on this earthly ball,
But disremember you I never shall:
But if the court do understand herself,
(And she presume she do,) that little elf,
Ascanius, is fore-ordained to found
A first-class empire on Italian ground.
I don't exactly like to *steal* away,
But then again, I've not agreed to stay:
The ghost of my progenitor, Anchises,
Each night beside my troubled couch arises;
The gods command me to get out of this
And paddle off to find new destinies."

"Oh monster!" cries the disappointed woman,
"No goddess is thy mother, nor no *human*,
But thou wast born out of the flinty rock
And fierce Hycranean tigers gave thee suck!
Now, now, great Juno, see this savage creature
He don't exhibit one redeeming feature!
I found him poor and hungry as a grayback,
I dined and wined and toasted him from *egg back*,
Got up a supper, fed his lousy crew
And heard his egotistic yarn clear through!
You talk about obeying Jove's decree—
Flapdoodle! what a pious man you be!
Well, go and leave me, lone and destitute—
I will not argufy with such a brute.—
But if the gods are worth a single nickle,
I hope they'll give you an eternal pickle!
And my indignant ghost, when I am dead,
Shall ride your conscience like a pig of lead!"

Completely overcome with pain and passion, —389
She fainted in the most distingue fashion.
The screaming maidens bear their prostrate queen
Unto a bed with mauve silk counterpane;
These read the homeopathy book, while those
Hold a cologne jar to her pallid nose.

When in the morning, from her palace towers, —584
She saw his lessening sails, and flashing oars,
She tore her golden locks in ecstacy,
And pounded on her breast tremendously.
"Preh, Jupiter! shall this man get away?
Spread sails! bring firebrands! ah, what do I say?
Why did I not revenge me while he stayed?
I might have found his flint heart with my blade,
Deaconed his pug-nosed boy, while I was able,
And fricasseed him for his father's table!
But now I writhe in impotent dismay,
While he goes—(dum it)—on his heartless way!"
Her bloodshot eyeballs roll while thus she speaks.
And purple spots suffuse her quivering cheeks;
She mounts, with wild impetuosity,
A funeral pile, some forty-four feet high,
Of seasoned kindling wood, at least ten cords,
And thus pronounces these, her latest words:
"Behold, I go the way of all mankind;
I've done the work by changeless Fate assigned,
I've built a city, seen my finished towers,—
O that the Trojan had not touched my shores!"

With these remarks the deadly dirk she grabs,
And socks herself several powerful jabs.
Forth leaps the boiling life blood, and the crowd
Their fallen queen survey, with clamors loud:
Loud clamors and loud lamentations rise,
Roar through the city, and assault the skies.
Thrice she supports herself upon her elbow,
And strains her eyes to see her infidel beau,—
Thrice does she seek the blazing light of day,
And having found it, groaning, turns away.

Then Juno, pitying her agony,
Sent Iris down, the struggling soul to free.
The dewy Iris, on her saffron wings,
With thousand radiant encolorings,
Shot through the vapors, with immortal speed,
And stood above the death devoted head:
"This lock to Pluto's realms I bear away,
And now release thee from this ruined clay."
So saying, she cut the lock of golden hair,
And life departed on the sightless air.

POPULAR TOYS.

It has been justly observed by Lord Macaulay that of all people children are the most imaginative. A little girl playing with her doll knows quite as well as her mother that it can neither speak nor hear; that the face she so fondly gazes on is executed in wax or porcelain; that its limbs are stuffed with sawdust, and that when she lays her darling down to rest, those beady eyes would never close but for a mechanical contrivance which can be more easily guessed than described. Of all this the child is perfectly aware, and yet she continues day by day to treat the puppet as if it were flesh and blood—to kiss it, talk to it, to lavish upon it in her childish way, but with perfect sincerity, the same endearing expressions and maternal caresses which experience has taught herself to prize. This, we repeat, is not the result of delusion, but of active fancy. If the young lady should in after life adopt the stage as a profession she might act her part, indeed, with an effect more subtle, but with a far less earnest purpose. The origin and use of toys may be referred to that lively imagination which is the peculiar characteristic of the infant mind. Their tendency is not only to amuse children, but to make them think.

We cannot imagine a gloomier room in the house than a nursery in which playthings are even temporarily interdicted, and we lament the mistaken piety which induces some doubtless well-meaning people to debar their little ones from bricks and ninepins on a Sunday. But even strict Sabbatarians make an exception in favor of "Noah's Ark." They may well do so, for unquestionably the history of the Deluge and that portion of the sacred narrative in which it forms an incident, have

been more vividly realised in the minds of children by this venerable and favorite toy than by the whole shelves full of Bible story-books. Yet, what a queer old piece of conventional absurdity it is!—the model of a barn let bodily down into a flat-bottomed boat, and filled with Lilliputian figures of men, birds, beasts, and reptiles, all huddled together like a huge game of "spillikans!" It has always been a pleasing task to extricate them from this state of confusion—to set them out by pairs in sinuous procession on the nursery table or along the floor. The anatomical development of some of the animals is, perhaps, not altogether that which Professor Owen would confirm, and it is much to be regretted that the scale on which Noah's arks are usually constructed does not permit a stricter observance of the laws of proportion. The frog, for instance, is not uncommonly represented as large as the elephant's head, and the disparity of height between the giraffe and the polar bear is not so remarkable in toy-shops as it is in the Zoölogical Gardens. But it must be remembered that the Flood dates from at least four thousand years ago, and if Mr. Darwin's theories are correct, who can say what modifications the animal kingdom has sustained within that period?

The same argument may be used in defence of that peculiar dress and physical appearance with which the nursery tradition has identified the Noachian family.

We cannot, indeed, affirm that the patriarch or his descendants were in the habit of wearing low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, and long buttoned-up coats reaching to their heels; but, on the other hand, who is to prove that they were not? The figure of Noah is usually made a head taller that that of his sons; and Shem, Ham, and Japhet, who all bear a wonderful resemblance to their father, are distinguished from each other by the color of their coats. The ladies may easily be recognized by the shortness of their waists, and from the fact that they are unprovided with walking-sticks, which all the rest of the party carry. An attempt was made some years ago to treat the animals after a more naturalistic fashion in representation. Thus, the bear was covered with red fur, and the cat provided with actual whiskers. But these innovations, we are glad to say, did not extend to Noah or his family. We respect in these matters the taste of our forefathers. Flaxman's chessmen may have been works of art in their way; but no real lover of the game would like to play with them. He would prefer the old conventional king and queen, twice as tall as their own castles, and the nag's head, which does duty for a knight. And so, in a Noah's ark, we like cylindrical patriarchs better than any which could be devised in appropriate costume.

Perhaps the most popular of old-fashioned toys, next to the one we have just described, is the rocking-horse. It may be recommended for various reasons. It promotes healthy exercise and encourages pluck on the part of youthful riders. It is easily adapted for the use of children of either sex. It is large and strong, and will therefore stand a good deal of knocking about before it shares the inevitable fate of all nursery furniture. There are few pleasanter sights for an old Nimrod than to see his grandson of six or seven galloping across an imaginary country, putting his horse at phantom fences, and keeping his saddle with as much zest as if his hobby was a real hunter and the rider wore "pink" instead of petticoats.

The toys of the last generation came chiefly from Holland and Germany—Nuremberg for centuries has made, and still makes, a *specialité* of their manufacture. They betray their native origin to any traveller at a glace. The bright and often picturesque appearance of the little model houses, the character of fortifications and soldiers' uniforms in military toys, the sleek yet sturdy look of the tiny conventionalisms which pass for men and women, remind us unmistakably of the external aspect of Dutch life and many a familiar scene in Bavaria. Even those wonderful types of trees, with tall red trunks and conical masses of foliage, become intelligible when we remember the pines and poplars which they symbolize. There are few children "of larger growth" who do not remember the delight with which, in their pinafore days, they were wont to unpack whole regiments of leaden infantry which lay between layers of *papier gris*, and released troops of cavalry smelling strongly of fresh paint from their narrow quarters in an oval bandbox. Who can say what influence such toys may not have on youthful minds?—how many gallant soldiers have toddled across the nursery floor shouldering their mimic guns, how many naval heroes first learned to love their calling as they rigged a model frigate?

Within the last quarter of a century, toys, like everything else, have undergone a change. There is a tendency towards naturalism in their manufacture. The blind toy-maker in one of Dickens's Christmas stories—"The Cricket on the Hearth"—asks some one to pinch the tail of Boxer (the carrier's dog) that he may hear it bark. He is himself engaged in fabricating a barking poodle, and laudably wishes to "go as near natur' as he can for sixpence." We confess we have not yet detected much difference in the sound which proceeds from canine automata of the present day and that which satisfied us twenty years ago. Indeed, it seems to us that mechanical dogs, ducks, goats, beeves, and babies (of the ordinary kind), all utter the same cry, which is more suggestive of a penny trumpet than of any living thing upon the face of this earth. Still it is an incontrovertible fact that there are modern dolls of a superior class which walk with ease, move their heads and arms energetically, cry out "Mamma" when they are pinched, and even wink in a very knowing manner. At a well-known establishment in Regent street may be seen a cat, which looks as lifelike as a real skin and glass eyes can make it. This animal performs upon the harp with singular grace, touching the instrument with wondrous delicacy, and wagging its head in proper time with an air of affectation which must be seen to be appreciated. At the same shop there is the seated figure of a monkey, which not only plays the violin in a most energetic and creditable manner, but chatters an accompaniment with such a mobile upper lip that it would be a fortune to any organ-grinder.

A whole volume might be written on the subject of street toys and the ingenuity and characteristic eloquence of the itinerant merchants who sell them. There is a little humble stand behind some railings at the top of Cheapside which has been in existence ever since the oldest city man can recollect. Here may be bought for a trifling sum the prettiest little kitchen utensils which could be made for a doll's house. Copper kettles, saucepans, coal-scuttles, fire-irons, &c., all as bright as a new pin, perfectly correct in shape, but made on such a tiny scale that one might almost imagine they were imported direct from Lilliput. The man who owns them seems to hold the right of a monopolist, for you can get them nowhere else. Yet in that busy, crowded thoroughfare, who can stop to buy these knick-knacks, or think of nurseries on his way to the Exchange?

Hopping-frogs, "transformation cards," acrobatic spiders, Jacks-in-the-box, and snakes of restless activity may all in turn be bought for a penny on the *trottoirs* of Oxford street. But decidedly the most successful hit in this line has been the india-rubber imp which is pulled about by an ingenious showman who contrives, with a sort of ventriloquism, to make the figure shriek every time he touches it. The illusion is so perfect that many a passer-by has bought the toy under an impression that the sound actually proceeds from the figure itself. There is an anecdote illustrating this fallacy which we cannot refrain from quoting. Not long ago a youthful cockney, who flattered himself on his astuteness, conceived an idea that although the india-rubber dolls bought by the general public uttered no cry, however much they were distorted, there was yet some "bright particular" doll endowed with this remarkable property. He therefore came suddenly upon the street-conjuror just as he was delighting an audience, and having pounced upon the poppet in the man's hand declared that he would have that very one and no other for his penny. The fellow gave it up with a show of some reluctance, and our hero hurried triumphantly away under an impression that he had rather "done" the dealer in animated caoutchouc. He turned down a by-street, and getting into a quiet corner where he thought he could conduct his experiment unobserved, produced the figure from his pocket and quietly pulled its leg. To his great surprise no sound issued from the body. He pulled the other leg, but it was still silent; then the arms, head, and trunk with no better result. At last he flung the whole thing away in despair, and walked home a wiser man.

(*From the Pall Mall Gazette.*)

A NIGHT IN A WORKHOUSE.

At about nine o'clock on the evening of Monday the —th instant, a neat but unpretentious carriage might have been seen turning cautiously from the Kennington road into Princess road, Lambeth. The curtains were closely drawn, and the coachman wore an unusually responsible air. Approaching a public house, which retreated a little from the street, he pulled up; but not so close that the lights should fall upon the carriage door, not so dis

tant as to unsettle the mind of any one who chose to imagine that he had halted to drink beer before proceeding to call for the children at a juvenile party. He did not dismount, nor did any one alight in the usual way; but any keen observer who happened to watch his intelligent countenance might have seen a furtive glance directed to the wrong door—that is to say, to the door of the carriage which opened into the dark and muddy road. From that door emerged a sly and ruffianly figure, marked with every sign of squalor. He was dressed in what had once been a snuff-brown coat, but which had faded to the hue of bricks imperfectly baked. It was not strictly a ragged coat; though it had lost its cuffs,—a bereavement which obliged the wearer's arms to project through the sleeves two long inelegant inches. The coat altogether was too small, and was only made to meet over the chest by means of a bit of twine. This wretched garment was surmounted by a "bird's-eye" pocket-handkerchief of cotton, wisped about the throat hangman fashion; above all was a battered billy-cock hat, with a dissolute drooping brim. Between the neckerchief and the lowering brim of the hat appeared part of a face, unshaven, and not unscrupulously clean. The man's hands were plunged into his pockets, and he shuffled hastily along in boots, which were the boots of a tramp indifferent to miry ways. In a moment he was out of sight, and the brougham, after waiting a little while, turned about and comfortably departed.

This mysterious figure was that of the present writer. He was bound for Lambeth Workhouse, there to learn by actual experience how casual paupers are lodged and fed, and what the "casual" is like, and what the porter who admits him, and the master who rules over him; and how the night passes with the outcasts whom we have all seen crowding about workhouse doors on cold and rainy nights. Much has been said on the subject—on behalf of the paupers, on behalf of the officials; but nothing by any one who, with no motive but to learn and make known the truth, had ventured the experiment of passing a night in a workhouse and trying what it actually is to be a "casual."

The day had been windy and chill—the night was cold; and therefore I fully expected to begin my experiences among a dozen of ragged wretches squatting about the steps and waiting for admission But my only companion at the door was a decently dressed woman, whom, as I afterwards learnt, they declined to admit until she had recovered from a fit of intoxication from which she had the misfortune to be still suffering. I lifted the big knocker, and knocked; the door was promptly opened, and I entered. Just within, a comfortable-looking clerk sat at a comfortable desk, ledger before him. Indeed, the spacious hall in every way was as comfortable as cleanliness and great mats and plenty of gaslights could make it.

"What do you want?" asked the man who opened the door.

"I want a lodging."

"Go and stand before the desk," said the porter; and I obeyed.

"You are late," said the clerk.

"Am I, sir?"

"Yes. If you come in you'll have a bath, and you'll have to sleep in the shed."

"Very well, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Joshua Mason, sir."

"What are you?"

"An engraver." (This taradiddle I invented to account for the look of my hands.)

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"Hammersmith," I answered—as I hope to be forgiven.

"How many times have you been here?"

"Never before, sir."

"Where do you mean to go to when you are turned out in the morning?"

"Back to Hammersmith, sir."

These humble answers being entered in a book, the clerk called to the porter, saying, "Take him through. You may as well take his bread with you."

Near the clerk stood a basket containing some pieces of bread of equal size. Taking one of these, and unhitching a bunch of keys from the wall, the porter led me through some passages all so scrupulously clean that my most serious misgivings were laid to rest. Then we passed into a dismal yard. Crossing this, my guide led me to a door, calling out, "Hillo! Daddy, I've brought you another!" Whereupon Daddy opened unto us, and let a little of his gaslight stream into the dark where we stood.

"Come in," said Daddy, very hospitably. "There's enough of you to-night, anyhow! What made you so late?"

"I didn't like to come in earlier."

"Ah! that's a pity, now, because you've missed your skilley (gruel). It's the first night of skilley, don't you know, under the new Act?"

"Just like my luck!" I muttered dolefully.

The porter went his way, and I followed Daddy into another apartment, where were ranged three great baths, each one containing a liquid so disgustingly like weak mutton broth that my worst apprehensions crowded back. "Come on, there's a dry place to stand on up at this end," said Daddy, kindly. "Take off your clothes, tie 'em up in your hank'sher, and I'll lock 'em up till the morning." Accordingly I took off my coat and waistcoat, and was about to tie them together, when Daddy cried, "That ain't enough; I mean everything." "Not my shirt, sir, I suppose?" "Yes, shirt and all; but there, I'll lend you a shirt," said Daddy. "Whatever you take in of your own will be nailed, you know. You might take in your boots, though—they'd be handy if you happened to want to leave the shed for anything; but don't blame me if you lose 'em."

With a fortitude for which I hope some day to be rewarded, I made up my bundle (boots and all), and the moment Daddy's face was turned away shut my eyes and plunged desperately into the mutton broth. I wish from the bottom of my heart my courage had been less hasty, for hearing the splash, Daddy looked round and said, "Lor, now! there was no occasion for that; you look a clean and decent sort of man. It's them filthy beggars" (only he used a word more specific than "filthy") "that want washing. Don't use that towel; here's a clean one! That's the sort! and now here's your shirt" (handing me a blue striped one from a heap), "and here's your ticket. No. 84 you are, and a ticket to match is tied to your bundle. Mind you don't lose it. They'll nail it from you if they get a chance. Put it under your head. This is your rug; take it with you."

"Where am I to sleep, please, sir?"

"I'll show you."

And so he did. With no other rag but the checked shirt to cover me, and with my rug over my shoulder, he accompanied me to the door at which I entered, and, opening it, kept me standing with naked feet on the stone threshold, full in the draught of the frosty air, while he pointed out the way I should go. It was not a long way, but I would have given much not to have trodden it. It was open as the highway—with flag-stones below and the stars overhead, and, as I said before, and cannot help saying again, a frosty wind was blowing.

"Straight across," said Daddy, "to where you see the light shining through. Go in there, and turn to the left, and you'll find the beds in a heap. Take one of 'em and make yourself comfortable." And straight across I went, my naked feet seeming to cling to the stones as though they were burning hot instead of icy cold (they had just stepped out of a bath you should remember), till I reached the space through which the light was shining, and I entered in.

No language with which I am acquainted is capable of conveying an adequate conception of the spectacle I then encountered. Imagine a space of about thirty feet by thirty feet enclosed on three sides by a dingy whitewashed wall, and roofed with naked tiles, which were furred with the damp and filth that reeked within. As for the fourth side of the shed, it was boarded in for (say) a third of its breadth; the remaining space being hung with flimsy canvas, in which was a gap two feet wide at top, widening to at least four feet at bottom. This far too airy shed was paved with stone, the flags so thickly incrusted with filth that I mistook it first for a floor of natural earth. Extending from one end of my bedroom to the other, in three rows, were certain iron "cranks" (of which I subsequently learnt the use), with their many arms raised in various attitudes, as the stiffened arms of men are on a battle-field. My bed-fellows lay among the cranks, distributed over the flag-stones in a double row, on narrow bags scantily stuffed with hay. At one glance my appalled vision took in thirty of them,—thirty men and boys stretched upon shallow pallets, with but only six inches of comfortable hay between them and the stony floor. These beds were placed close together, every occupant being provided with a rug like that which I was fain to hug across my shoulders. In not a few cases two gentlemen had clubbed beds and rugs and slept together. In one case (to be further mentioned presently) four gentlemen had so clubbed together. Many of my fellow-casuals were awake—others asleep or pretending to sleep; and, shocking as were the waking ones to look upon, they were quite pleasant when compared with the sleepers. For this reason, the practised and well-seasoned casual seems to have a peculiar way of putting himself to bed. He rolls himself in his rug, tucking himself in, head and feet, so that he is completely enveloped; and, lying quite still on his pallet, he looks precisely like a corpse covered because of its hideousness. Some were

(Continued on page 106.)

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The new issue of the Saturday Press will be ready on the third of next month (a fortnight from to-day.) The subscription will be raised from three dollars a year to five: single numbers ten cents. The reasons for this advance are too obvious to require explanation.

We take this opportunity to thank our friends (some of whom we have never seen) for the lists of subscribers they have already sent in for the new issue, and to suggest to our readers generally that they cannot do better than volunteer in the same cause.

Persons who desire to canvass regularly for the paper are informed that they will be allowed a commission of twenty per cent. on all remittances.

News-agents will please send their orders to the American News Company: orders for an extra supply of the first number should be sent in early next week.

Advertisements, excepting such as are changed every week, should be sent in, if any special place is desired, on or before Monday, the 26th inst.

Much light and entertaining matter is excluded from this week's Press to make room for a powerfully-written sketch entitled "A Night in a Work House," which was first published in the Pall Mall Gazette, and which has created a greater sensation throughout England than anything which has been printed there for years. The authorship of the sketch has been attributed to several distinguished authors, and, among others, to Mr. Anthony Trollope, who is said to have obtained his facts by spending a night at a work house in disguise.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

Well, Mr. Editor, I have seen Miss Bateman in Deacon Milman's tragedy of "Fazio," and agree with my friend of the Tribune that her personation of Bianca "blends grace dignity and pathos, and impresses the mind as deeply as it touches the heart."

I will not even quarrel with him for subsequently qualifying this statement, nor for the suggestion that, some time or other, the experiment be tried of personating Bianca "without the eternal cataract of back hair."

Still, I think the statement needed no qualification, and as for "back hair," if an actress happen to have any, and when she is representing the depth of human woe doesn't see fit to have it carefully done up into coils, waterfalls, "chignons," or what not—why that is a mere matter of taste.

I *would* like to quarrel, just a little, with my Tribune friend for saying that "to see Miss Bateman working up a violent excitement is to see a white rose trying to be angry;"—but the simile is so pretty,—so complimentary, even—and brings to mind so forcibly (though by contrast) Herbert's famous couplet,—

> Sweet rose whose hue angry and brave,
> Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,

that I forgive him even that—especially as he goes on to say that "her pathos is real and is very touching," that "her supplication to the old Senator in act third, and her subsequent approach to Fazio, reveal a heartfelt realization of the awful calamity and sorrow of the circumstance"—and that "her acting in the death-scene is likewise well-studied and full of genuine human feeling."

You see, Mr. Editor, that as I happened to be the first critic in New York who foresaw the success which Miss Bateman has achieved in her profession, I watch what is said about her, now, with an almost personal interest.

Anything that I should say myself about her impersonation of Leah, Bianca, Pauline, or any of her great characters, might be considered—in view of the ground I took in respect to her five years ago and more—as the result of obstinacy or prejudice: so I prefer to let others speak.

The critic of the Times, for instance, who said last Tuesday:

"It is, we think, fortunate for Miss Bateman, that she broke last evening the run of "Leah." Her powerful impersonation of the leading character in that play has been sufficiently recognized here and in Europe. There is not a word to be added in kindness or otherwise, to the mound of words which it has created. But, from peculiar and separate prosperity, one is apt to form mistaken ideas of individual capacity. People were already beginning to say that Miss Bateman could play Leah and nothing else. She has taken the readiest and happiest means of enlightening "people" on this subject. Her performance of Bianca—witnessed last night by a large house—is immeasurably beyond anything she has yet done on the New York stage. We can speak even more firmly: there has been nothing equal to it for fifteen years by *any* artist. Miss Julia Dean was exceedingly good in the role of the jealous wife, who to snatch her husband from the arms of another, condemns him to death. Her bearing in the council scene was admirable. It has remained with us as a memory of real artistic worth. But Miss Bateman is incomparably better The blindness of passion has never been so well illustrated. The eagerness of Bianca's denunciation, and the consequences, swooping back on her with irresistible force, have rarely, if ever, been so well portrayed. The fourth and fifth acts are so human and appealing; so true and overwhelming in their utter desolation of woe, that there is really nothing but a handkerchief to be said. A finer performance of the part can hardly be desired. In saying this, we are simply covering up, loosely as becomes a critic, a profound conviction that the part cannot be better played."

Then again, the critic of the World:

"'Bianca,' as this drama is otherwise named, demands the highest emotional power at the command of an artiste.

From an early period in the scenes to the final fall of the curtain the unfortunate wife of Fazio is kept in a frenzied state most trying to the physical as well as to the mental strength of the impersonator. Miss Bateman gives a powerful rendering of the part; displaying a boldness and mettle, so to speak, not at all expected from a lady of her tender years Yet this vigorous, forcible manner is accompanied with the display of much true emotional power. In the trial scene, and upon its conclusion, where Bianca pleads with her doomed husband for forgiveness, Miss Bateman excelled her best efforts in the familiar role of Leah, and her quiet, tender acting during these moments visibly affected the house."

And so on through nearly the whole critical guild.

Well, I congratulate the young lady on her triumph and have no doubt it will be repeated wherever she goes.

Meanwhile, remember that she plays Pauline at Niblo's this afternoon, and this evening makes her last appearance there for the present.

Next week she plays Leah for three nights (Monday, Wednesday, and Friday) at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, and then leaves for Boston, where she may safely calculate on an ovation.

I should say, before passing to other topics, that Miss Bateman has been quite as successful among us in the characters of Bianca and Pauline as in that of Leah, and that it would be difficult to conceive of any actress now on the stage performing either part to such general and enthusiastic acceptance.

I should say, also, that she has been very ably supported in her present engagement by Mr. Cowper who, though not having the good fortune to resemble either Prince Albert or George Washington, has represented two very trying rôles (Rudolph in "Leah" and Fazio in Deacon Milman's play) with great credit to himself—and a third (Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons") with a degree of ability that I have rarely seen exhibited in it.

I am afraid I must call him as one of the papers called Frank Drew the other day, "a rising young man."

And apropos, you know, of course, that Frank Drew has been at Wood's Theatre all the week, and if you haven't seen him in "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Great Western" you have missed more of one thing and another (mostly another) than I could describe to you in ten pages of appropriate foolscap.

If you doubt it, go to-night and then tell me, if nothing more, what you think of "a man who would lay his hand except in kindness upon a woman"—like Lady Isabel Carlyle.

You may laugh at the time—as everybody does—but if you can go home afterwards and look your wife or sweetheart in the face (especially if she has read "East Lynne") you are not the Colonel I take you for.

However, the man is going away after to-night, and to attempt to arouse public indignation between now and then would be futile.

So go in peace, Frank; but when you return to your native city again, swear by the Discoverer of the Mississippi to remember where you are and behave as sich.

Meantime, leave Wood's Theatre to Gayler and to me: for Gayler has sent me the plot of his "Child-Stealer," which Lucille Western is to bring out there with great scenic éclat on Monday next, and it is so tragic and thrilling that I have concluded to ask you to print it in another part of the Press as a relief to that outrageous travesty of Virgil which you showed me, and as a text for my long-promised discourse (now in brain and shortly to be forthcoming) on the subject of sensationalism.

Manager Wood had better order ten thousand copies of the paper in advance—five thousand for his new theatre and five thousand for The Broadway—for I may even go so far as to justify "Solon Shingle" and "The Wild Indian," which I hear, by the way (mindless of the protest of Owens and the public), that he has promised to withdraw, at the furthest, by the time that Louis Napoleon withdraws his troops from Mexico.

And speaking of sensationalism, if you are not over squeamish, and can stand a piece a good deal broader than it is long—and can afford to laugh as if you were at the Liederkranz—and want to see Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Stoddard in their glory—and are curious

to see what kind of a play a smart District Attorney like Oakey Hall could indite if provoked to it (for I verily believe he indited the one I am referring to, despite what is said of Charles Matthews) and if you want to be foiled yet again in the solution of a question which has puzzled you since your infancy—go to the Olympic and see "Who Killed Cock Robin?"

As for Stoddard's performance in the piece I take leave to say—and I say it boldly—that I have not seen a more finished piece of low comedy acting since you and I were in Paris doing, among other follies, the *Folies Dramatiques*.

But hold! Apropos of Paris, I have just received a letter from one of my French friends, which I beg you to print—especially as it gives me another charming excuse (I have one nearly every week) for closing my Feuilleton.

I may have another letter from the same source next week, in which case I'll kindly allow you to print it on a separate page, even if you are cruel enough to insist that I shall fill this one myself.

But do read my friend's letter, and when you have done so, tell me if you don't think it "magnifique, sublime, pretty good," for a first attempt in English.

And now, after telling you that "The Iron Mask," in which J. W. Wallack took a splendid benefit on Thursday at Wallack's Theatre, is to be repeated to-night—that "Ernani" is to be given in a Matinée at the Academy to-day (this time to commence at one o'clock instead of eleven)—that the Academy will furthermore be opened this evening for the début of Miss Lacoste in Mr. Pray's new tragedy, "Virginia of Rome"—that the usual Booth Matinée ("Richelieu") will be given at the Winter Garden on Wednesday next—that the grand Biblico-Historical Drama of "Moses, or Israel in Egypt" will be given at Barnum's all next week with gorgeous scenery, costumes, etc., including a moving Panorama of the Nile—that there will be another Solon Shingle Matinée at The Broadway to-day—that Maggie Mitchell will commence an engagement at Niblo's on Monday, opening in "Fanchon, or the Cricket"—and that the Poznanskis (one of whom is some on the piano and the other some more on the violin) will give their second concert this evening at Irving Hall—allow me to sign myself

Yours, quite squarely,
FIGARO.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR FIGARO:

The theatrical and musical news in Paris, about which you wished me especially to write, is varied enough, but I am afraid you will think it of little importance.

In the first place I must mention to you the advent of a new opera in four acts, called "The Bride of Abydos." It has gained for Mr. Barthe, its author, the honor from the Institute of being a laureat. The Théatre Lyrique, which receives a hundred thousand francs a year from the government, was bound to put this opera on the stage; but in spite of a powerful cast the work of the laureat came very near being a failure. Of the libretto there is this to be said, that it bears no resemblance to Byron's poem. The names of the characters are indeed the only thing that Byron could or would claim. Now, to do full justice to Mr. Barthe, I must say that he is, according to my knowledge, not only a musician, but rather a good one. If certain morceaux of his opera were played in a concert, and some of them certainly deserve this honor, I have no doubt that they would be received with great applause. But to compose airs, to set them to words, to connect them together by means of choruses, and to have the whole of them sung on the stage by people dressed in fancy style, no more constitutes an opera than heaps of stones united with lime form a building. In architectural as well as in musical art, the question is not only to set stones and tunes in a certain order, but to determine all their proportions beforehand according to the ruling general idea which presides over the arrangement of the work. Here is the difficulty, and I must say that Mr. Barthe seems to have no idea of it. This defect can alone explain to the disappointed author the reason why his opera, though good in most of its details, is bad in the ensemble. It is very much like certain women who, though ugly to the eye, are yet comely enough when you analyze the details of their features. All this is due to a want of proportion. Detached airs without unity, such is the vice of the operatic French "Bride of Abydos," who, happier than Byron's heroine, marries the beloved Selim; an event which Mr. Barthe thinks proper to celebrate by a noisy chorus which perfectly fails to produce the desired effect. Let us notice among the most striking portions of it Zuleika's two romances in the first and second act. The latter ends with a duet which has been very much applauded, and is certainly the best part of the work. I should not be surprised if some of these morceaux were soon arranged for piano. They will probably reach your country in this way, and will be doubtless most acceptable to your musical circles.

Some days ago Mrs. Miolan-Carvalho, the actress who plays Zuleika, sang the two romances at one of Princess Matilda's balls, Mr Barthe himself playing the piano. The success is said to have been complete. But Mr. Barthe being known to be highly favored by the princess, this fact makes me suspect a little the sincerity of the applause, without lessening, however, the merit of Mr. Barthe, whose music is better fitted for a saloon than for the stage.

The renowned Conservatoire, which is, as you are no doubt aware, the official school of music and declamation, opened all its doors, some days ago, for the audition of some laureats of the school of Rome. An overture from Mr. Dubois was highly appreciated. Mr. Dubois is a young consciencious artist who belongs to the Gluck and Weber school. His success is due to this, the German music being now quite in favor with the French. One of the best instances to be given of this fact is the crowded audiences which attend every Sunday the *Concerts Populaires* in the Napoleon Circus. This immense hall is said to contain over seven thousand persons; and it is always difficult to get tickets. The price of admission is only twenty cents, in order to give the working classes an opportunity of passing an agreeable Sabbath. Classical music alone is given, and that, too, by the best orchestra in Paris.

Another most remarkable piece which I heard on the same day at the Conservatoire is a cantata of which the title is: *Renaud dans les jardins d'Armide*. Mr. Lenepveu, the author, has beyond any doubt shown in this work a perfect knowledge of orchestral effects. The feminine portion of the audience seemed particularly delighted by a piece of fantastical music which is given while fairies are destroying Armide's bewitched palace. It is in fact something quite extraordinary and picturesque. I do not remember that I have ever heard anything of the kind.

Mr. Girardin is now engaged in writing a new comedy destined for the Théatre Français. The failure of his last play, "The Two Sisters," does not seem to have discouraged him. The title of the new play is said to be "The Two Lovers."

Next week Mr. Emile Augier will read his new comedy to the committee of this theatre. I am told that the title is not yet determined on.

Mr. Provost, one of the finest artists of the Théâtre Français, died last week; two days after, the death of Mr. Ponchard was likewise announced. Mr. Ponchard was an old singer, who past all his life on the stage of the Opéra Comique. The funeral of each artist was celebrated with great pomp at the church of the Madeleine. The Catholic church, it would seem, no longer withholds, as it did to poor Molière, religious rites from actors.

There is a great deal of talk about Mr. Ponsard's new comedy, "The Lion in Love." It is written in verse, and the action takes place during the time of the French revolution. The Emperor, who attended the first representation, applauded a certain passage quite marked with the republican stamp. The old fox knows what he is about.

An exhibition of the late Mr. Troyon's paintings has been lately opened. It excites almost as much interest as Eugène Delacroix's exhibition which took place last year.

Mr. Champfleury has just published a very interesting book, entitled "History of Caricature."

Mr. Charles Blanc, one of the best French art critics, and brother of Louis Blanc, continues his splendid publication, "History of Great Painters."

During his stay in Paris, the King of Portugal paid several visits to the great composer Rossini. He is said to be very much of an artist, and to have sung at the maestro's residence many pieces by Rossini himself and Verdi.

The PANTHEON UNIVERSEL, a new paper, is just out. I have not yet seen the first number. As the paper is exclusively devoted to the great exhibition of 1867, I think your readers will be somewhat interested in it, so I may speak of it again.

Eco.

PARIS, Jan. 23, 1866.

The great French work by Monsieur Taine on the "Philosophy of Art" has been translated into English by Mr. John Durand, son of the well-known Academician, and published in Paris by the Messrs. Baillière. A few copies have reached this country and may be ordered through Brentano.

(Continued from page 103.)

stretched out at full length; some lay nose and knees together; some with an arm or a leg showing crooked through the coverlet. It was like the result of a railway accident; these ghastly figures were awaiting the coroner.

From the moral point of view, however, the wakeful ones were more dreadful still. Towzled, dirty, villanous, they squatted up in their beds, and smoked foul pipes, and sang snatches of horrible songs, and bandied jokes so obscene as to be absolutely appalling. Eight or ten were so enjoying themselves—the majority with the check shirt on, and the frowsy rug pulled about their legs; but two or three wore no shirts at all, squatting naked to the waist, their bodies fully exposed in the light of the single flaring jet of gas fixed high up on the wall.

My entrance excited very little attention. There was a horse-pail three parts full of water standing by a post in the middle of the shed, with a little tin pot beside it. Addressing me as "old pal," one of the naked ruffians begged me to "hand him a swig," as he was "werry nigh garspin." Such an appeal of course no "old pal" could withstand, and I gave him a potful of water. He showed himself grateful for the attention. "I should lay over there, if I was you," he said, pointing to the left side of the shed; "it's more out of the wind than this 'ere side is." I took the good-natured advice, and (by this time shivering with cold) stepped over the stones to where the beds of straw bags were heaped, and dragged one of them to the spot suggested by my naked comrade. But I had no more idea of how to arrange it than of making an apple-pudding; and a certain little discovery added much to my embarrassment. In the middle of the bed I had selected was a stain of blood bigger than a man's hand! I did not know what to do now. To lie on such a horrid thing seemed impossible; yet to carry back the bed and exchange it for another might betray a degree of fastidiousness repugnant to the feelings of my fellow-lodgers, and possibly excite suspicion that I was not what I seemed. Just in the nick of time in came that good man Daddy.

"What! not pitched yet?" he exclaimed; "here, I'll show you. Hallo! somebody's been a bleedin'! Nover mind; let's turn him over. There you are, you see. Now lay down, and cover your rug over you."

There was no help for it. It was too late to go back. Down I lay, and spread the rug over me. I should have mentioned that I brought in with me a cotton handkerchief, and this I tied round my head by way of a night-cap; but not daring to pull the rug as high as my face. Before I could in any way settle my mind to reflection, in came Daddy once more to do me a further kindness, and point out a stupid blunder I had committed.

"Why, you are a rummy chap!" said Daddy. "You forgot your bread! Lay hold. And look here, I've brought you another rug; it's perishing cold to-night." So saying, he spread the rug over my legs and went away. I was very thankful for the extra covering, but I was in a dilemma about the bread. I couldn't possibly eat it; what then was to be done with it? I broke it, however, and in view of such of the company as might happen to be looking made a ferocious bite at a bit as large as a bean, and munched violently. By good luck, however, I presently got half-way over my difficulty very neatly. Just behind me, so close indeed that their feet came within half a yard of my head, three lads were sleeping together.

"Did you hear that, Punch?" one of them asked.

"'Ear what?" answered Punch, sleepy and snappish.

"Why, a cove forgot his toke! Gordstruth? you wouldn't ketch me a forgettin' mine."

"You may have half of it, old pal, if you're hungry," I observed, leaning up on my elbows.

"Chuck it here, good luck to yer!" replied my young friend, starting up with an eager clap of his dirty hands.

I "chucked it here," and, slipping the other half under the side of my bed, lay my head on my folded arms.

It was about half-past nine when, having made myself as comfortable as circumstances permitted, I closed my eyes in the desperate hope that I might fall asleep, and so escape from the horrors with which I was surrounded. "At seven to-morrow morning the bell will ring," Daddy had informed me, "and then you will give up your ticket and get back your bundle." Between that time and the present full nine long hours had to wear away.

But I was speedily convinced that, at least for the present, sleep was impossible. The young fellow (one of the three who lay in one bed, with their feet to my head) whom my bread had refreshed, presently swore with frightful imprecations that he was now going to have a smoke; and immediately put his threat into execution.

Thereupon his bed fellows sat up and lit their pipes too. But ah! if they had only smoked,—if they had not taken such an unfortunate fancy to spit at the leg of a crank distant a few inches from my head, how much misery and apprehension would have been spared me. To make matters worse, they united with this American practice an Eastern one; as they smoked they related little autobiographical anecdotes—so abominable that three or four decent men who lay at the further end of the shed were so provoked that they threatened, unless the talk abated in filthiness, to get up and stop it by main force. Instantly, the the voice of every blackguard in the room was raised against the decent ones. They were accused of loathsome afflictions, stigmatized "as fighting men out of work" (which must be something very humiliating, I suppose), and invited to "a round" by boys young enough to be their grandsons. For several minutes there was such a storm of oaths, threats, and taunts—such a deluge of foul words raged in the room—that I could not help thinking of the fate of Sodom; as, indeed, I did several times during the night. Little by little the riot died out, without any the slightest interference on the part of the officers.

Soon afterwards the ruffian majority was strengthened by the arrival of a lanky boy of about fifteen, who evidently recognized many acquaintances, and was recognized by them as "Kay," or perhaps I should write it "K." He was a very remarkable-looking lad, and his appearance pleased me much. Short as his hair was cropped, it still looked soft and silky; he had large blue eyes, set wide apart, and a mouth that would have been faultless but for its great width; and his voice was as soft and sweet as any woman's. Lightly as a woman, too, he picked his way over the stones towards the place where the beds lay, carefully hugging his cap beneath his arm.

"What cheer, Kay?" "Out again, then, old son!" "What yer got in yer cap, Kay?" cried his friends; to which the sweet voice replied, "Who'll give me a part of his doss (bed)? ——my——eyes and limbs if I ain't perishin'! Who'll let me turn in with him for half my toke" (bread)? I feared how it would be! The hungry young fellow who had so readily availed himself of half my "toke" snapped at Kay's offer, and after a little rearrangement and bed-making four young fellows instead of three reposed upon the hay-bags at my head.

"You was too late for skilley, Kay. There's skilley now, nights as well as mornin's."

"Don't you tell no bleeding lies," Kay answered, incredulously.

"Blind me, it's true. Ain't it, Punch?"

"Right you are!" said Punch, "and spoons to eat it with, that's more! There used to be spoons at all the houses, one time. Poplar used to have 'em; but one at a time they was all nicked, don't you know." ("Nicked" means stolen, obviously.)

"Well, I don't want no skilley, leastways not to-night," said Kay. "I've had some rum. Two glasses of it; and a blow out of puddin',—regler Christmas plum-puddin'. You don't know the cove as give it me; but, thinks I this mornin' when I come out, blessed if I don't go and see my old chum. Lordstruth! he was struck! 'Come along,' he ses, 'I saved you some puddin' from Christmas.' 'Whereabouts is it?' I ses. 'In that box under my bed,' he ses, and he forks it out. That's the sort of pal to have! And he stood a quarten, and half a' ounce of hard-up (tobacco.) That wasn't all, neither; when I come away, ses he, 'How about your breakfus?' 'Oh, I shall do,' ses I. 'You take some of my bread and butter,' he ses, and he cuts me off four chunks, buttered thick. I eat two on 'em comin' along."

"What's in your cap, Kay?" repeated the devourer of "toke."

"Them other two slices," said Kay; generously adding, "There, share 'em amongst yer, and somebody give us a whiff of 'bacca."

Kay showed himself a pleasant companion,—what in a higher grade of society is called "quite an acquisition." He told stories of thieves and thieving, and of a certain "silver cup" he had been "put up to," and that he meant to nick it afore the end of the week, if he got seven stretch (? seven years) for it. The cup was worth ten quid (? pounds), and he knew where to melt it within ten minutes of nicking it. He made this statement without any moderation of his sweet voice; and the others received it as a serious fact. Nor was there any affectation of secrecy in another gentleman, who announced, with great applause, that he had stolen a towel from the bath-room; "And s'help me, it's as good as new; never been washed more'n once!"

"Tell us a 'rummy' story, Kay," said somebody; and Kay did. He told stories of so "rummy" a character that the decent men at the further end of the room (some of whom

had their own little boys sleeping with them) must have lain in a sweat of horror as they listened. Indeed, when Kay broke into a "rummy" song with a roaring chorus, one of the decent men rose in his bed and swore that he would smash Kay's head if he didn't desist. But Kay sang on till he and his admirers were tired of the entertainment. "Now," said he, "let's have a swearing club! You'll all be in it?"

The principle of this game seemed to rest on the impossibility of either of the young gentlemen making half a dozen observations without introducing a blasphemous or obscene word; and either the basis is a very sound one, or for the sake of keeping the "club" alive the members purposely made slips. The penalty for "swearing" was a punch on any part of the body, except a few which the club rules protected. The game was highly successful. Warming with the sport, and indifferent to punches, the members vied with each other in audacity; and in a few minutes Bedlam in its prime could scarcely have produced such a spectacle as was to be seen on the beds behind me. One rule of the club was that any word to be found in the Bible might be used with impunity, and if one member "punched" another for using such a word the error was to be visited upon him with a double punching all round. This naturally led to much argument; for in vindicating the Bible as his authority, a member became sometimes so much heated as to launch into a flood of "real swearing," which brought the fists of the club upon his naked carcass as quick as hail.

These and other pastimes beguiled the time until, to my delight, the church chimes audibly tolled twelve. After this the noise gradually subsided, and it seemed as though everybody was going to sleep at last. I should have mentioned that during the story-telling and song-singing a few "casuals" had dropped in, but they were not *habitués*, and cuddled down with their rugs over their heads without a word to any one.

In a little while all was quiet, save for the flapping of the canvas curtain in the night breeze, the snoring, and the horrible, indescribable sound of impatient hands scratching skins that itch. There was another sound of very frequent occurrence, and that was the clanking of the tin pannikin against the water pail. Whether it is in the nature of workhouse bread or skilley to provoke thirst is more than my limited experience entitles me to say, but it may be truthfully asserted that once at least in the course of five minutes might be heard a rustling of straw, pattering of feet, and then the noise of water dipping, and then was to be seen at the pail the figure of a man (sometimes stark naked) gulping down the icy water as he stood upon the icy stones.

And here I may remark that I can furnish no solution to this mystery of the shirt. I only know that some of my comrades were provided with a shirt, and that to some the luxury was denied. I may say this, however, that none of the little boys were allowed one. Nearly one o'clock. Still quiet and no fresh arrival for an hour or more. Then suddenly a loud noise of hobnailed boots kicked at a wooden gate, and soon after a tramping of feet and a rapping at Daddy's door, which, it will be remembered, was only separated from our bedroom by an open paved court.

"Hallo!" cried Daddy.

"Here's some more of 'em for you,—ten of 'em!" answered the porter, whose voice I recognized at once.

"They'll have to find beds, then," Daddy grumbled, as he opened his door. "I don't believe there are four beds empty. They must sleep double, or something."

This was terrible news for me. Bad enough, in all conscience, was it to lie as I was lying; but the prospect of sharing my straw with some dirty scoundrel of the Kay breed was altogether unendurable. Perhaps, however, they were not dirty scoundrels, but peaceable and decent men, like those in the farther corner.

Alas for my hopes! In the space of five minutes in they came at the rent in the canvas—great hulking ruffians, some with rugs and nothing else, and some with shirts and nothing else, and all madly swearing because, coming in after eleven o'clock, there was no "toke" for them. As soon as these wrathful men had advanced to the middle of the shed they made the discovery that there was an insufficient number of beds—only three, indeed, fer ten competitors.

"Where's the beds? D'ye hear, Daddy? You blessed, truth-telling old person, where's the beds?"

"You'll find 'em. Some of 'em is lying on two, or got 'em as pillows. You'll find 'em."

With a sudden rush our new friends plunged among the sleepers, trampling over them, cursing their eyes and limbs, dragging away their rugs; and if by chance they found some poor wretch who had been tempted to take two beds (or bags) instead of one, they coolly hauled him out and took possession. There was no denying them, and no use in remonstrating. They evidently knew that they were at liberty to do just as they liked, and they took full advantage of the privilege.

One of them came up to me, and shouting, "I want that, you——," snatched at my "birds-eye" nightcap and carried it off. There was a bed close to mine which contained only one occupant, and into this one of the new-comers slipped without a word of warning, driving its lawful owner against the wall to make room. Then he sat up in bed for a moment, savagely venting his disappointment as to "toke," and declaring that never before in his life had he felt the need of it so much. This was my opportunity. Slipping my hand under my bed, I withdrew that judiciously hoarded piece of bread and respectfully offered it to him. He snapped at it with thanks.

By the time the churches were chiming two, matters had once more adjusted themselves, and silence reigned, to be disturbed only by drinkers at the pail, or such as, otherwise prompted, stalked into the open yard. Kay, for one, visited it. I mention this unhappy young wretch particularly, because he went out without a single rag to his back. I looked out at the rent in the canvas, and saw the frosty moon shining on him. When he returned, and crept down between Punch and another, he muttered to himself, "Warm again! O my G—d! warm again!"

I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will not think me too prodigal of these reminiscences, and that your readers will understand that, if I write rather boldly, it is not done as a matter of taste. To me it seems quite worth while to relate with tolerable accuracy every particular of an adventure which you persuaded me ("ah! woful when!") to undertake for the public good.

Whether there is a rule which closes the casual wards after a certain hour I do not know; but before one o'clock our number was made up, the last comer signalizing his appearance with a grotesque *pas seul*. His rug over his shoulders, he waltzed into the shed, waving his hands, and singing in an affected voice, as he sidled along:—

"I like to be a swell, a roaming down Pall-mall,
Or anywhere, I don't much care, so I can be a swell,"—

a couplet which had an intensely comical effect. This gentleman had just come from a pantomime (where he had learnt his song, probably.) Too poor to pay for a lodging, he could only muster means for a seat in the gallery of the "Vic," where he was well entertained, judging from the flattering manner in which he spoke of the clown. The columbine was less fortunate in his opinion. "She's werry dickey!—ain't got what I call 'move' about her." However, the wretched young woman was respited now from the scourge of his criticism; for the critic and his listeners were fast asleep; and yet I doubt whether any one of the company slept very soundly. Every moment some one shifted uneasily; and as the night wore on the silence was more and more irritated by the sound of coughing. This was one of the most distressing things in the whole adventure. The conversation was horrible, the tales that were told more horrible still, and worse than either (though not by any means the most infamous things to be heard—I dare not even hint at them) was that song, with its bestial chorus shouted from a dozen throats; but at any rate they kept the blood warm with constant hot flushes of anger; while as for the coughing, to lie on the flagstones in what was nothing better than an open shed, and listen to that, hour after hour, chilled one's very heart with pity. Every variety of cough that ever I heard was to be heard there: the hollow cough; the short cough; the hysterical cough; the bark that comes at regular intervals, like the quarter-chime of a clock, as if to mark off the progress of decay; coughing from vast hollow chests, coughing from little narrow ones,—now one, now another, now two or three together, and then a minute's interval of silence in which to think of it all and wonder who would begin next. One of the young reprobates above me coughed so grotesquely like the chopping of wood that I named him in my mind the Woodcutter. Now and then I found myself coughing, too, which may have added just a little to the poignant distress these awfully constant and various sounds occasioned me. They were good in one way; they made one forget what wretches they were who, to all appearances, were so rapidly "chopping" their way to a pauper's graveyard. I did not care about the more matured ruffians so much; but though the youngest, the boys like Kay, were unquestionably among the most infamous of my comrades, to hear what cold and hunger and vice had done for them at fifteen was almost enough to make a man cry; and there were boys there even younger than these.

At half-past two, every one being asleep, or

at least lying still, Daddy came in and counted us—one, two, three, four, and so on, in a whisper. Then, finding the pail empty (it was nearly full at half-past nine, when I entered), he considerately went and refilled it, and even took much trouble in searching for the tin pot which served as a drinking-cup, and which the last comer had playfully thrown to the further end of the shed. I ought to have mentioned that the pail stood close to my head; so that I had peculiar opportunities of study as one after another of my comrades came to the fountain to drink; just as the brutes do in those books of African travel. The pail refilled, Daddy returned, and was seen no more till morning.

It still wanted four hours and a half to seven o'clock—the hour of rising—and never before in my life did time appear to creep so slowly. I could hear the chimes of a parish church and of the Parliament Houses, as well as those of a wretched tinkling Dutch clock somewhere on the premises. The parish church was the first to announce the hour (an act of kindness I feel bound to acknowledge), Westminster came next, the lazy Dutchman declining his consent to the time o' day till fully sixty seconds afterwards. And I declare I thought that difference of sixty seconds an injury—if the officers of the house took their time from the Dutchman. It may seem a trifle, but a minute is something when a man is lying on a cold flagstone, and the wind of a winter night is blowing in your hair. Three o'clock, four o'clock struck, and still there was nothing to beguile the time but observation, under the one flaring gaslight, of the little heaps of outcast humanity strewn about the floor; and after a while, I find, one may even become accustomed to the sight of one's fellow-creatures lying around you like covered corpses in a railway shed. For most of the company were now bundled under the rugs in the ghastly way I have already described—though here and there a cropped head appeared, surmounted by a billy-cock like my own or by a greasy cloth cap. Five o'clock, six o'clock chimed, and then I had news—most welcome—of the world without, and of the real beginning of day. Half a dozen factory bells announced that it was time for workingmen to go to labor; but my companions were not workingmen, and so snored on. Out through the gap in the canvas the stars were still to be seen shining on the black sky, but that did not alter the fact that it was six o'clock in the morning. I snapped my fingers at the Dutchman, with his sixty seconds slow, for in another hour I fondly hoped to be relieved from duty. A little while, and doors were heard to open and shut; yet a little while, and the voice of Daddy was audible in conversation with another early bird; and then I distinctly caught the word "bundles." Blessed sound! I longed for my bundle—for my pleasing brown coat, for the warm, if unsightly, "jersey," which I adopted as a judicious substitute for a waistcoat—for my corduroys and liberty.

"Clang!" went the workhouse clock. "Now, then, wake 'em up!" cried Daddy. I was already up—sitting up, that is—being anxious to witness the resurrection of the ghastly figures rolled in their rugs. But nobody but myself rose at the summons. They knew what it meant well enough, and in sleepy voices cursed the bell, and wished it in several dreadful places; but they did not move until there came in at the hole in the canvas two of the pauper inhabitants of the house, bearing bundles. "Thirty-two," "Twenty-eight!" they bawled, but not my number, which was thirty-four. Neither thirty-two nor twenty-eight, however, seemed eager to accept his good fortune in being first called. They were called upon three several times before they would answer; and then they replied with a savage "Chuck it here, can't you!" "Not before you chuck's over your shirt and ticket," the bundle-holder answered; whereon "Twenty-eight" sat up, and divesting himself of his borrowed shirt, flung it with his wooden ticket; and his bundle was flung back in return.

It was some time before bundle No. 34 turned up, so that I had a fair opportunity to observe my neighbors. The decent men slipped into their rags as soon as they got them, but the blackguards were in no hurry. Some indulged in a morning pipe to prepare themselves for the fatigues of dressing, while others, loosening their bundles as they squatted naked, commenced an investigation for certain little animals which shall be nameless.

At last my turn came; and "chucking over" my shirt and ticket, I quickly attired myself in clothes which, ragged as they were, were cleaner than they looked. In less than two minutes I was out of the shed, and in the yard; where a few of the more decent poor fellows were crowding round a pail of water, and scrambling after something that might pass for a "wash,"—finding their own soap, as far as I could observe, and drying their faces on any bit of rag they might happen to have about them, or upon the canvas curtain of the shed.

By this time it was about half-past seven, and the majority of the casuals were up and dressed. I observed, however, that none of the younger boys were as yet up, and it presently appeared that there existed some rule against their dressing in the shed; for Daddy came out of the bath-room, where the bundles were deposited, and called out, "Now four boys!" and instantly four poor little wretches, some with their rugs trailing about their shoulders and some quite bare, came shivering over the stones and across the bleak yard, and were admitted to the bath-room to dress. "Now, four more boys," cried Daddy; and so on.

When all were up and dressed, the boys carried the bed rugs into Daddy's room, and the pauper inmates made a heap of the "beds," stacking them against the wall. As before mentioned, the shed served the treble purpose of bed-chamber, work-room, and breakfast-room; it was impossible to get fairly at the cranks and set them going until the bedding was stowed away.

Breakfast before work, however; but it was a weary while to some of us before it made its appearance. For my own part, I had little appetite, but about me were a dozen poor wretches who obviously had a very great one. They had come in over night too late for bread, and perhaps may not have broken fast since the morning of the previous day. The decent ones suffered most. The blackguard majority were quite cheerful, smoking, swearing, and playing their pretty horse play, the prime end of which was pain or discomfiture for somebody else. One casual there was with only one leg. When he came in overnight he wore a black hat, which added a certain look of respectability to a worn suit of black. All together his clothes had been delivered up to him by Daddy; but now he was seen hopping disconsolately about the place on his crutch, for the hat was missing. He was a timid man, with a mild voice; and whenever he asked some ruffian "whether he had seen such a thing as a black hat," and got his answer, he invariably said, "Thank you," which was regarded as very amusing. At last one sidled up to him with a grin, and showing about three square inches of some fluffy substance, said, "Is this anything like wot you're lost, guv'ner?" The cripple inspected it. "That's the rim of it!" he said. "What a shame!" and he hobbled off with tears in his eyes.

Full three quarters of an hour of loitering and shivering, and then came the taskmaster—a soldierly-looking man over six feet high, with quick, gray eyes, in which "No trifling" appeared as distinctly as a notice against trespassing on a wayside board. He came in among us, and the gray eyes made out our number in a moment. "Out into the yard, all of you!" he cried; and we went out in a mob. There we shivered for some twenty minutes longer, and then a baker's man appeared with a great wooden tray piled up with just such slices of bread as we had received overnight. The tray was consigned to an able-bodied casual, who took his place with the taskmaster at the shed-door, and then in single file we re-entered the shed, each man and boy receiving a slice as he passed in. Pitying, as I suppose, my unaccustomed look, Mr. Taskmaster gave me a slice and a large piece over.

The bread devoured, a clamor for "skilley" began. The rumor had got abroad that this morning, and on all future mornings, there would be skilley at breakfast, and "Skilley! skilley!" resounded through the shed. No one had hinted that it was not forthcoming, but skilley seems to be thought an extraordinary concession, and after waiting only a few minutes for it they attacked the taskmaster in the fiercest manner. They called him thief, sneak, and "crawler." Little boys blackguarded him in gutter language, and looking him in the face, consigned him to hell without flinching. He never uttered a word in reply, or showed a sign of impatience; and whenever he was obliged to speak it was quite without temper.

There was a loud "hooray!" when the longed-for skilley appeared, in two pails, in one of which floated a small tin saucepan, with a stick thrust into its handle, by way of a ladle. Yellow pint basins were provided for our use, and large iron spoons. "Raange round the walls!" the taskmaster shouted. We obeyed with the utmost alacrity; and then what I should judge to be about three-fourths of a pint of gruel was handed to each of us as we stood. I was glad to get mine, because the basin that contained it was warm and my hands were numb with cold. I tasted a spoonful, as in duty bound, and wondered more than ever at the esteem in which it was held by my *confrères*. It was a weak decoction of oatmeal and water, bitter, and without even a pinch of salt to flavor it—that I could discover. But it was hot; and on that account, perhaps, was so highly relished that I had no

difficulty in persuading one of the decent men to accept my share.

It was now past eight o'clock, and, as I knew that a certain quantity of labor had to be performed by each man before he was allowed to go his way, I was anxious to begin. The labor was to be "crank" labor. The "cranks" are a series of iron bars extending across the width of the shed, penetrating through the wall, and working a flour-mill on the other side. Turning the "crank" is like turning the windlass. The task is not a severe one. Four measures of corn (bushels they were called—but that is doubtful) have to be ground every morning by the night's batch of casuals. Close up by the ceiling hangs a bell connected with the machinery; and as each measure is ground the bell rings, so that the grinders may know how they are going on. But the grinders are as lazy as obscene. We were no sooner set to work than the taskmaster left us to our own sweet will, with nothing to restrain its exercise but an occasional visit from the miller, a weakly expostulating man, Once or twice he came in and said mildly. "Now, then, my men, why don't you stick to it?" and so went out again.

The result of this laxity of overseeing would have disgusted me at any time, and was intensely disgusting then. At least one-half the gang kept their hands from the crank whenever the miller was absent, and betook themselves to their private amusements and pursuits. Some sprawled upon the beds and smoked; some engaged themselves and their friends in tailoring, and one turned hair-cutter for the benefit of a gentleman who, unlike Kay, had not just come out of prison. There were three tailors; two of them on the beds mending their coats, and the other operating on a recumbent friend in the rearward part of his clothing. Where the needles came from I do not know; but for thread they used a strand of the oakum (evidently easy to deal with) which the boys were picking in the corners. Other loungers strolled about with their hands in their pockets, discussing the topics of the day, and playing practical jokes on the industrious few; a favorite joke being to take a bit of rag, anoint it with grease from the crank axles, and clap it unexpectedly over somebody's eye.

The consequence of all this was that the cranks went round at a very slow rate, and now and then stopped altogether. Then the miller came in; the loungers rose from their couches, the tailors ceased stitching, the smokers dropped their pipes, and every fellow was at his post. The cranks spun round furiously again, the miller's expostulation being drowned amid a shout of "Slap bang, here we are again!" or this extemporized chorus:—

"We'll hang up the miller on a sour apple-tree,
We'll hang up the miller on a sour apple-tree,
We'll hang up the miller on a sour apple-tree,
And then go grinding on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah." etc.

By such ditties the ruffians enlivened their short spell of work. Short indeed! The miller departed, and within a minute afterwards beds were re-occupied, pipes lit, and tailoring resumed. So the game continued—the honest fellows sweating at the cranks, and anxious to get the work done and go out to look for more profitable labor, and the paupers by profession taking matters quite easy. I am convinced, that had the work been properly superintended the four measures of corn might have been ground in the space of an hour and a half. As it was, when the little bell had tinkled for the fourth time, and the yard-gate was opened, and we were free to depart, the clock had struck eleven.

I had seen the show; gladly I escaped into the open streets. The sun shone brightly on my ragged, disreputable figure, and showed its squalor with startling distinctness; but within all was rejoicing. A few yards, and then I was blessed with the sight of that same vehicle—waiting for me in the spot where I had parted from it fourteen weary hours before. Did you observe, Mr. Editor, with what alacrity I jumped in? I have a vivid recollection of you, sir—sitting there with an easy patience, lounging through your TIMES, and oh! so detestably clean to look at! But though I resented your collar, I was grateful for the sight of a familiar face, and for that draught of sherry which you considerately brought for me—a welcome refreshment after so many weary, waking hours of fasting.

And now I have come to the end I remember many little incidents which, until this moment, had escaped me. I ought to have told you of two quiet elderly gentlemen who, amid all the blackguardism that went on around, held a discussion on the merits of the English language—one of the disputants showing an especial admiration for the word "kindle"—"fine old Saxon word as ever was coined." Then there were some childish games of "first and last letters," to vary such entertainments as that of the Swearing Club. I should also have mentioned that on the dissolution of the Swearing Club a game at "dumb motions" was started, which presently led to some talk concerning deaf and dumb people, and their method of conversing with each other by means of finger-signs; as well as to a little story that sounded strangely enough coming from the mouth of the most efficient member of the club. A good memory for details enables me to repeat this story almost, if not quite, exactly.

"They are a rummy lot, them deaf and dumb," said the story-teller. "I was at the workhouse at Stepney when I was a young 'un, don't you know; and when I got a holiday I used to go and see my old woman as lived in the Borough. Well, one day a woman as was in the house ses to me, ses she, 'Don't you go past the Deaf and Dumb School as you goes home?' So I ses 'Yes.' So ses she, 'Would you mind callin' there and takin' a message to my little girl as is in there deaf and dumb? So I ses, 'No.' Well, I goes, and they lets me in, and I tells the message, and they shows me the kid what it was for. Pooty little gal! So they tells her the message, and then she begins making orts and crosses like on her hands. 'What's she a doin' that for?' I ses. 'She's a talkin' to you,' ses they. 'Oh.' I ses, 'what's she talkin' about?' 'She says you're a good boy for comin' and tellin' her about her mother, and she loves you.' Blessed if I could help laughin'! So I ses, 'There ain't no call for her to say that.' Pooty little kid she was! I stayed there a goodish bit, and walked about the garden with her, and what d'ye think? Presently she takes a fancy for some of my jacket buttons—brass 'uns they was, with the name of the 'house' on 'em—and I cuts four on 'em off and gives her. Well, when I gave her them, blow me if she didn't want one of the brass buckles off my shoes. Well, you mightn't think it, but I gave her that, too." "Didn't yer get into a row when you got back?" some listener asked "Rather! Got kep' without dinner and walloped as well, as I wouldn't tell what I'd done with 'em. Then they was goin' to wallop me again, so I thought I'd cheek it out; so I up and told the master all about it." "And got it wuss?" "No, I didn't. The master give me new buttons and a buckle without saying another word, and my dinner along with my supper as well."

The moral of all this I leave to you.* It seems necessary to say something about it, for the report which Mr. Farnall made after visiting Lambeth Workhouse on Saturday seems meant to suggest an idea that what has been described here is merely an irregularity. So it may be, but an irregularity which consigned some *forty men* to such a den on the night when somebody happened to be there to see, is probably a frequent one; and it certainly is infamous. And then as to the other workhouses? Mr. Farnall was in ignorance of what was done at Lambeth in this way, and I selected it for a visit quite at random. Does he know what goes on in other workhouses? If he is inclined to inquire, I may, perhaps, be able to assist the investigation by this hint: my companions had a discussion during the night as to the respective merits of the various workhouses; and the general verdict was that those of Tottenham and Poplar were the worst in London. Is it true, as I heard it stated, that at one of these workhouses the casual sleeps on bare boards, without a bed of any sort?

One word in conclusion. I have some horrors for Mr. Farnall's private ear (should he like to learn about them) infinitely more revolting than anything that appears in these papers.

* Note from the *Times*.—A rather pretentious and lively amateur description of the sort of refuges provided for the houseless poor having appeared in the columns of a contemporary on Friday, Mr. Harnall, the Poor Law Inspector, visited the place on Saturday, and wrote the minute which is subjoined, and which explains better than we could be enabled to do the real facts of the case. The narrative was continued on Saturday, but the explanation of the Poor Law Inspector is no less necessary, and, in fact, seems all the more so things right. It appears that the "swell" who went in his brougham, "with all appliances and means to boot," was shown, not into the regular wards of the establishment, but into a shed which was irregularly used when the wards were full, against the provisions of the law and the express directions of the Poor Law Board issued several months ago. This is Mr. Farnall's report:

"I have to-day inspected the wards provided for the houseless poor in this workhouse, and which I have some time since certified as good and sufficient wards, and which I still consider to be so I have, however, to direct the attention of the guardians to the fact that the master, when the wards [adverted to are full, is in the habit of warding men in the pump-shed, and this shed is wholly unfit for the purpose to which the master has thus dedicated it, and I therefore request the guardians to instruct the master to immediately relinquish the practice. If the certified wards are full, it is the duty of the guardians, through their officers, to find lodgings for an excess of applicants in lodging-houses, or in some room in the workhouse, or for the master to send such applicants to the relieving officers. And this duty has been clearly pointed out to the guardians, by Mr. Villiers, the President of the Poor-Law Board, in a circular issued by him, and signed by him, many months ago.

H. B. FARNALL, P. L. I.
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